



Capital Punishment



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Chapter 1 by Amelia Rose

I wait as they ready the green vial. I am prepared. I am ready to die. I've been ready for a long time.

The people around me all seem void of emotion. I'm strapped to a bed, a needle in my arm feeding from a machine that in a number of moments will register the serum and kill me.

I think back to how I first got into this mess. In my last moments, my life flashes before my eyes, in such detail that it is almost like I am reliving it.

First, I see faces. The face of my mother as I was taken from her. The face of the man who took me.

Then his fist, connecting with my skin, so many times.

I see the way he hurt me.

Chapter 2 by Olive H.



Everything started when I was a young child. My mother and I lived in a lower part of town. We

lived in a small, one room house. It was the kind of house that you could see through the window and

living in the town had its downfalls. I was the only child in the town to have been born at the

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time. The rich were never seen in town. They were the ones that had the best houses and the

people of a higher class. They were the ones that had the best

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Then a new king was elected. He loathed those lower than him, and he hired a man, a sniper of sorts, to collect the lowest of the low. They would be brought to another country, to be sold as slaves. Those who could not work would be sentenced to death.

And so the man came. He came for me. As he began to drag me away, my mother crying, I put up a fight. I hit and kicked him with all my might, but I was no match. The man hit and punched and slapped me until I was too hurt to move. He cut my leg with a knife, and I have walked with a limp until this day.

The trip to the other country took just over a year. I made a friend with another girl my age along the way, but near the end of our trip, she was beaten to death by the sniper's men.

After arriving, now thirteen years old, I was just the right age to be sold off as a slave. Even though these men hurt me, slave drivers were known to be five times as violent. Terrified was an understatement.

Chapter 3 by Olive H.



Men tied my hands together behind my back. An older man with a long scar on his face held a whip close to my face. If I tried to run, he would strike.

Fifteen other children and I were escorted off the ship and to a platform at the edge of the town. There were many people gathered, all with money in their hands. It was time for the bidding.

Hope flooded my thoughts. Maybe no one would buy me. Unwanted children were released, and it wouldn't be too hard to catch a ship back to my home! But this would not happen. There were around one hundred people gathered, and only a handful of us. Everyone would be sold.

The first child to be bought was a tall boy named Conner. I knew him well, but I would most likely never see him again.

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And so I began to sprint. But again, I was no match. A man from the crowd came at me. He had a weapon I had never seen before, a long pole with a bulb on the end. Electricity crackled from the bulb. That stick could cause tremendous pain.

The man jabbed at me with the stick. It hit me on the scar on my leg, and I screamed in pain. He hit me again and again, pain flooded through my body, and I became dizzy.

I collapsed, and the last thing I remember is the man with the stick muttering, "I'll take the wench."

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